

**Jules Leigh Koch**

## DROUGHT

There has been a drought  
in their language  
for so many years  
that the reservoir  
behind her eyes is dry

The clouds above her  
are whiter  
than halos

His clouds never rain  
enough crops

When she finds time  
to paint a landscape  
there is a sun shower

When he ploughs fields  
the dust clouds turn to bone  
which his dog retrieves

At 60 plus  
she would like to unplug  
the sky  
live in the city  
and go to art school

He like his father/  
father's father/  
father before that father  
will die in the shearing shed

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